Fantasy and Terror

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PUBLISHER'S ADDRESS:
Richard Fawcett
61 Teecomwas Drive
Uncasville, CT 06382

EDITOR'S ADDRESS:
Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Post Office Box 20610
Seattle, WA 98102

BRITISH AGENT:
Rosemary Pardoe
11B Cote Lea Square
Southgate, Runcorn,
Cheshire, WA7 2SA, ENGLAND

"Everything in this world is but a marionette show."
—Yamato Tsunetomo (17th C.)

"What is Truth? said Jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."
—Sir Francis Bacon

"The Devil's asshole is Hell's gateway."
—medieval Dutch saying

"The maimed, the blind, and the insane is the language of the heart."
—George Myers, Jr., 1981

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Introduction

In this wee book you'll find, you'll find, many wee madnesses, planted in mind; excellent scribblings, but wee, but wee, for people who'd rather not watch TV. Enjoy it! Enjoy it! Enjoy while you can! For life may soon come to a pitiful plan; and if you survive that most pitiful plan, books will be seared and your eyes burnt tan. A lot of devotion has gone to the making of this wee volume, issued for your taking. Parts are poetic or gross or twee; reflections pathetic, morose . . . lovely! While reading, dear children, regret, regret, that literate people are rare, and yet, such oddities linger: a word-loving lover! So lick of thy finger and turn the page over.

— *Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Seattle*

A Brief Reflection

You know how if you position two mirrors on either side of you you can adjust them to look like an endless sequence of mirrors disappearing away into the far distance? Ro and I were eating out in Chester recently and sitting at a table with just that set-up. There was a mirror on the wall beside our table, and a similar one on the opposite side of the aisle. Why is it that even though the sequence of mirrors starts off straight, after twenty or so they begin to curve around so that eventually the corridor of mirrors bends round a corner and out of sight? What is lurking around that corner? And should I worry about it coming into view, and even out of the mirror altogether?

-- *Darroll Pardoe; musing from Pig on the Wall #28, 1983*

Spring Torrent

Will I always be like this until I am dead,
  Every spring must I bear it all again
With the first red haze of the budding maple boughs,
  And the first sweet-smelling rain?

Oh I am like a rock in the rising river
  Where the flood water breaks with a low call —
Like a rock that knows the cry of the waters
  And cannot answer at all.

-- *Sara Teasdale (c) 1928*

The Whale

Our Islands rise faintly blue in the midst of waves surrounding them and lapping them with countless tongues. These Islands group themselves on the back of a prodigious whale, clustered like moss on a shell-fish, like weeds on the flank of a ship or on the dome of a very old tortoise. If the whale lashes his tail, we say there is an earthquake; and though the Islands may vanish, the great whale remains, upheld, floated on the curl of tides advancing angrily. The ridge-shaped spine of the whale has its blossom, and the birds ascend from it.

-- *Kikou Yamata, France, 1927 (trans. J. & S. F. Mills Whitham)*

The Warrior Princess

When old age upon him crept
Bitterly our good king wept
Though I have fair daughters three
There's no son to fight for me
Sons will go to fight the foe
Daughters ne'er to war will go

Then he called the eldest one
Her he thought the fairest one
Come, my child, will you agree
Now to fight the foe for me?
Nay, my father, I'll not go
Never will I fight the foe

Then he called the second one
Her he thought the truest one
Come, my child, will you agree
Now to fight the foe for me?
Nay, my father, I'll not go
Never will I fight the foe

Then he called the youngest one
Her he thought the weakest one
Come, my child, will you agree
Now to fight the foe for me?
Aye, my father, I will go
I fear not to face the foe

Hard my heart and strong my hand
I'll lay waste the foeman's land
All rejoiced; she led the men
Bravely into battle then
To her mighty hand, in all
Full three hundred Turks did fall.

-- *Polish, traditional*
trans. (c) 1956 Maud Karpeles

Unnatural Formation

The sky was a pale shade of violet. A slight breeze blew across the landscape. Trees swayed. The grass rippled.

A man sat thinking upon a rock. He sat still and silent. When the breeze tickled his beard he did not move. The violet sky went unnoticed. He sat and thought.

After many years it was not possible to say where the man ended and the rock he sat upon began. They seemed to have become one. Passersby fancied that the rock itself had merely been shaped into the semblance of a man.

But still the man thought on, and one day he thought of an Answer. He opened his eyes, but only cracks appeared. He opened his mouth, but only a hole appeared.

When the wind blows you can hear the strangest sounds from that hole.

-- *Thomas Wiloch*

In the Bazaars of Hyderabad

What do you sell, O ye merchants?
Richly your wares are displayed.
Turbans of crimson and silver,
Tunics of purple brocade,
Mirrors with panels of amber,
Daggers with handles of jade.

What do you weigh, O ye vendors?
Saffron and lentil and rice.
What do you grind, O ye maidens?
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.
What do you call, O ye pedlars?
Chessmen and ivory dice.

What do you make, O ye goldsmiths?
Wristlet and anklet and ring,
Bells for the feet of blue pigeons,
Frail as a dragon-fly's wing,
Girldles of gold for the dancers,
Scabbards of gold for the king.

What do you cry, O ye fruitmen?
Citron, pomegranate, and plum.
What do you play, O musicians?
Cithar, sarangi, and drum.
What do you chant, O magicians?
Spells for the aeons to come.

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls
With tassels of azure and red?
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,
Chaplets to garland his bed,
Sheets of white blossoms new-gathered
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

-- *Sarojini Naidu, India, 1912*

History Lesson

Rome, in the time of Theodosis, was a thriving seaport of 20,000 men. The women were forced to live in the stables and thus did not count within the population figures. When we consider the plight of Rome we need to consider the subsequent actions of the women (and children) living in the stables. It is possible that Rome would never have fallen were it not for the courageous actions of these broodmares whom the barbarians were able to ride into battle and thus defeat the Romans who suffered from a similar shortage of transportation. It's a new day, but it looks very similar to the old one.

-- *Sherri L. File,*
Seattle, 1981

Cele Goldsmith's Years at Fantastic

It seems hard to believe in these days when novels of heroic fantasy spill from the bookshelves like so many gryphon droppings, that it was not so long ago (less than 20 years) when a fantasy book was as rare as a happy Thomas Covenant and one's desires for the genre were gratified by just two magazines. In Britain there was John Carnell's *Science Fantasy*, the companion to *New Worlds*, which had been appearing since 1950, but which had turned to a heavy fantasy bias only from 1961 onwards when it regularly published the early Elric stories by Michael Moorcock and the mythographies of Thomas Burnett Swann. With only six issues a year, and concentrating on longer stories, *Science Fantasy* published only a limited number of first class fantasies.

In America, however, was *Fantastic*, the companion to *Amazing Stories*. About as old as *Science Fantasy* (it appeared in 1952) it entered its fantasy heyday at about the same time with the editorship of Cele Goldsmith (later Cele Lalli). As a monthly, with a wider variety of story lengths, it published many more wonder-filled stories.

Curiously both magazines changed publishers within a year of each other with a consequent change in policy that excluded the bulk of these fantasies from continuing to appear. Thereafter, the concurrent paperback publication of *The Lord of the Rings* and the Lancer editions of *Conan* began the boom for heroic fantasy in book form. During the 1950s there was no regular market for the sub-genre, so that sandwiched into the small period 1961-1965 these two magazines were the only regular and reliable source for heroic fantasy. Of the two, simply because of its situation on the American continent, *Fantastic* was the more influential, and I want to look at the role the magazine played in the salvation of heroic fantasy.

When Howard Browne launched *Fantastic* on a rather good budget backed by Ziff-Davis in 1952 he was aiming up-market featuring more sophisticated fantasy. Heroic fantasy held too many echoes of pulp tradition which he was trying to put behind him, and it found no place in *Fantastic*. After only a couple years Browne's budget dwindled and the magazine lapsed to a mediocre publication with as much SF as fantasy. Subsequent editor Paul Fairman continued the process so that the mid to late 50s were dark days for fantasy, and especially heroic fantasy.

Such was the position when Cele Goldsmith joined Ziff-Davis in November 1955. Fresh from Vassar College with a B.A., and seeking work as a teacher, she happened to fill in an employment applica-

tion at Ziff-Davis while waiting for a friend, and was duly hired. Howard Brown needed someone to help him and Paul Fairman with some of the new projects that Bernard Davis had suggested, namely a new fiction magazine *Dream World* inspired by a special "dream" issue of *Fantastic* that sold well, and a less than inspired correspondence magazine *Pen Pals*. Neither magazine lasted more than three issues. After their demise, Cele Goldsmith stayed on as Managing Editor under Paul Fairman (Howard Brown having snatched at the opportunity to go back to full-time writing). Fairman also concentrated on writing, his only editorial duties being to deal with the fiction factory of Robert Silverberg, Randall Garrett, Harlan Ellison and Milton Lesser who produced more than 50% of the fiction Ziff-Davis published. Cele was left to work through the unsolicited manuscripts and, though she had joined the company with no prior knowledge of fantasy or SF, she soon began to appreciate what was good about assembling a magazine: stumbling across the occasional good story by promising new writers and seeing them published.

Before long, other changes came. Bernard Davis, who had been the main focus of interest in the company for fiction magazines, left. The succession of Publishers and Vice-Presidents had little if any interest. Provided they made a profit they were content to let them continue whilst they concentrated on developing the "slick" and decidedly more profitable side of the company's publications.

In 1958, Paul Fairman left to pursue full time writing and Cele, only 25, was left as sole editor. Probably because of her youth, and possibly because she was female, Ziff-Davis brought in Norman Lobsenze as Editorial Director, but the choice of fiction still remained with Cele. She explains how the system worked:

> *When Paul left, I became editor and Norman joined me as a once a week (sometimes less) consultant. I chose all the material, edited everything, selected the title and blurb typefaces, and dummied the monthly magazines by myself working only with the printer. Norman penned the editorials, read my choice and wrote the blurbs for stories. We did cover blurbs together and I assigned both interior art and cover art. On the latter, we usually bought the paintings, then assigned the story to be written around that. Norm and I had a fabulous working arrangement. Without him I would have been in total isolation. He read everything I selected and it was great to have a discussion about my "finds."*

The changes were not immediate. It was evident that Cele had already had some influence on *Fantastic*'s contents for some while, but she had not had so complete a free hand as now. Curiously one of the first changes was to add the subtitle "Science Fiction Stories" to the masthead, to rather mixed reaction from readers. In truth *Fantastic* had incorporated SF for a long time as a major part of its content, and this remained so for most of Cele's edi-

torship, although the SF was always of a more off-trail and bizarre nature than in *Amazing*. The reason given for the subtitle was that there was just not enough good fantasy around; but one could equally well argue that with little, if any, receptive market for fantasy, there were few writers willing to work in the genre. As shall be seen, once the potential of *Fantastic* as a fantasy market was recognised, there was an immediate response from writers. Thirteen issues after the title change, the magazine took on a new identity as *Fantastic Stories of the Imagination*, a far more individual sub-title that remained until the change of publisher in 1965.

There is much which could be said about the subsequent development under Cele Goldsmith: encouraging new writers like Keith Laumer, Jack Sharkey, Piers Anthony, Roger Zelazny, Thomas M. Disch and Ursula K. LeGuin; the development of new themes of fantasy and SF; and much else besides. But the present discussion shall remain limited to heroic fantasy.

The first significant event came with the November 1959 issue. Though it cannot be highlighted as the start of an immediate trend, it does stand out as a marker post in a series of events. In an unprecedented break with tradition, Cele devoted the entire issue to the work of one writer: Fritz Leiber. Leiber had been one of the select genre authors whom Howard Browne had allowed into the early *Fantastic*, but Leiber had not appeared in the magazine since. Indeed, he had only just regularly returned to writing SF and fantasy, recently moved to Los Angeles, and felt the need to write a new Fafhrd and Grey Mouser tale.

To some extent the history of the Grey Mouser reflects the ups and downs of heroic fantasy. Created during the 1930s and surprisingly rejected by *Weird Tales*, they first flourished in the pages of *Unknown*. With the demise of *Unknown* no regular market remained for the adventures. The only two that surfaced in the intervening 17 years appeared in such anomalous magazines as Ray Palmer's *Other Worlds* and the short-lived mystery magazine *Suspense*. There were just no other outlets. Nevertheless, for his own satisfaction, Leiber completed "Lean Times in Lankhmar" and sent it (rather doubtfully, as he expressed it) to his agent.

> *...and to my amazement Cele Goldsmith not only took it for the November* Fantastic*...reviving the saga, but she wanted to make that one an all-Leiber issue. I managed to deliver the necessary amount of (hopefully) diversified fiction, though I had to write one of the stories backwards to do it... Thereafter I made a point of doing one Fafhrd-Mouser story a year for* Fantastic. [Foundation, 11/12, Mar. 77, p.37f]

All of a sudden Leiber was back and a market existed for heroic fantasy. In the article quoted above, Leiber referred to Cele Goldsmith as his "chief encourager, almost my patron." Else-

where he has referred to her as simply "clever" and, more forcefully, as "gifted and inspirational," all of which show the respect with which he regards her.

The reaction to the revival of the Grey Mouser was very favorable, and the May 1960 issue featured "When the Sea King's Away." That issue was notable for another development of partial relevance, in the inclusion of Sam Moskowitz' article on H.P.Lovecraft, plus the reprint of Lovecraft's contribution to the round-robin "The Challenge From Beyond." The article, which later formed a chapter in Moskowitz' *Explorers of the Infinite*, apparently resulted in "a sharp circulation gain" according to Moskowitz. It was the first of several articles by Moskowitz (though the series later switched to *Amazing*) and also led to the fantasy classics reprint series. This began in the May 61 issue with Robert E. Howard's "The Garden of Fear," a peripheral heroic fantasy focusing on one of James Allison's past lives in pre-history.

Fantastic was rapidly becoming a favorite with a select core of readers. Donald Franson spoke for many in the October 60 letter column when he said

> *I have the feeling...that* Amazing *and* Fantastic *have recently become "our" magazine, catering to the steady reader and the enthusiastic fan, rather than to the casual buyer and "don't care" crowd.*

Two issues later Kirby McCauley was proclaiming that *Fantastic* seemed "to be the one hope for new fantasy." In July 1961, at the 14th Annual Westercon-Baycon held in Oakland, California, she was presented with the Invisible Little Man Award for her efforts whilst, on a more prestigious scale, at the 20th World SF Convention in Chicago 1962, she received a Special Plaque in recognition of her work.

The May 61 issue was significant in another respect. It included the third new Grey Mouser story "Scylla's Daughter" written around Vernon Kramer's rather bizarre cover painting depicting a space-helmeted and cloaked individual astride a two-headed sea-serpent with a hovering UFO on the horizon. Leiber managed to work the scene into a previously abandoned Fafhrd-Mouser novel "The Grain Ships" to produce a new 23,000 word novella. Moreover it went on to be nominated for a Hugo Award at that same 1962 Worldcon. It was the first story from *Fantastic* to be nominated for a Hugo, and only served to emphasise the popularity of the series. It wasn't a fluke, either, for the next year Leiber's Grey Mouser story "The Unholy Grail (Oct 61) was also nominated. It was with sound reason that L. Sprague de Camp wrote to Cele Goldsmith

> *Please, let us have some more of Leiber's Fafhrd-Mouser stories! Leiber is the only man now writing heroic fantasy,*

and this is a genre which gives a number of readers, when well done, including myself, the purest pleasure we get out of any kind of fiction printed. [Oct 61 issue]

Fantastic would publish three other Grey Mouser stories under Cele: "The Cloud of Hate (May 63), "Bazaar of the Bizarre" (Aug 63), and "The Lords of Quarmall" (Jan-Feb 64) besides "Stardock" which was left in the inventory after the sale of the magazine and which appeared in the September 65 issue.

Despite the popularity of the Mouser stories, there was no immediate response by way of imitation or emulation, or at least none which were published. There were occasional stories falling loosely within the general framework of heroic fantasy: Arthur Porge's early piece of medieval alchemy, "A Diversion for the Baron" (Nov 60) and more in line, Poul Anderson's "Goodbye, Atlantis!" which was a weak story for Anderson much enhanced by Virgil Finlay's impeccable illustrations.

Of greater significance was the start of a fantasy serial in the September 61 issue, "Magnanthropus" by old *Weird Tales* regular Manly Banister. It was also beautifully illustrated by Finlay. The novel was not sensational by today's standards and had a science fictional premise — alternate realities — plus an opening set on Earth in 1997; but the treatment and development were firmly in the mold of fantasy. It was a promising sign that the balance was now starting to shift. David R. Bunch, Arthur Porges and Jack Sharkey began to appear with off-trail stories. In August 62 there was Larry M. Harris' Dunsanian-style fable "Sword of Flowers," written around another bizarre Vernon Kramer cover. In the same issue was Roger Zelazny's first short story, about one of the four horsemen of the apocalypse riding to join his fellows, told with the mastery of one with many more years experience. Cele would also publish LeGuin's first tale (Feb 62).

Following "The Unholy Grail," fantasy fans were treated to a delightful serial "It's Magic, You Dope!" (Nov-Dec 62) by Jack Sharkey. Reminiscent of *Unknown* it tells of a whole family transposed from Earth to the parallel magic world of Drendon and their subsequent transmutation into strange creatures. January 1963 was marked by the return of John Jakes to *Fantastic*.

Although a regular contributor to the Ziff-Davis magazines a decade earlier, Jakes had been notably absent, apart from one brief story, for many years. "In the Days of King Arsgrat" is a strange story in a timeless future written in a heroic fantasy vein, a new departure for Jakes although he had written a novel about Genghis Khan pseudonymously in 1958. In pure appreciation of Robert E. Howard, Jakes went the whole way in May 63, when *Fantastic* presented "Devils in the Walls," again with a Vernon Kramer cover, introducing Brak the Barbarian. The story lacked the vivacity and guts of Conan stories but was a welcome inter-

lude at the time. As the same issue carried Leiber's "The Cloud of Hate," it was clear that heroic fantasy was coming back with a vengeance. A little earlier (Feb 63) LeGuin had penned a splendid little story of magic and mystery "The Masters" hinting at the trail she would eventually follow with the Earthsea trilogy.

There was no indication in the letter column that Brak had been well received. If anything, the opposite was apparent. But the barbarian returned in a novel-length serial "Witch of the Four Winds" (in book form, *Brak the Barbarian vs. the Sorceress*) in the November and December issues. Illustrated by Virgil Finlay, the serial was able to explore in far greater depth the character and purpose of Brak. Nevertheless, the serial was not rapturously received; and it was pertinent that at least one letter writer drew attention to the fact that the characters in the short stories of LeGuin were portrayed with far greater meaning and conviction than the mighty barbarian at novel length.

More fable than adventure, LeGuin's "Darkness Box" (Nov 63), as in the Brak novel, portrayed an altercation between the hero, Prince Rikard, and a witch, but with an entirely different scale of emotion. Similarly, her next brief tale of wizardry, "The Word of Unbinding" (Jan 64) was a compact, powerfully poignant piece.

Fantastic and heroic fantasy were in a golden age. The Jakes novel was followed by a new Fafhrd-Mouser serial "The Lords of Quarmall" whilst for the May 64 issue Moskowitz revived an earlier Mouser story "Adept's Gambit" first published in 1947. The same issue included "Master of Chaos" by Michael Moorcock, featuring Aubec of Malador. July brought Jack Vance's novella "The Kragen," SF in content but in Vance's inimitable fantastic style. With August a new Brak serial began "When the Idols Walked" to be followed in turn by a further science fantasy in the shape of Manly Banister's "Seed of Eloraspon," sequel to "Magnanthropus." Whereas Brak was a poor shadow of Conan, Banister's novel was a pale imitation of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian novels, though set on a parallel Earth. Similarly, George Schelling's illustrations were no match for those provided earlier by Virgil Finlay.

So dawned 1965, the last year under Cele Goldsmith Lalli. Despite the variety of the content which appealed to a select group, that group was insufficient to maintain a commercially strong publication. The circulation had dwindled and Ziff-Davis were no longer interested in it. Nevertheless, those last six issues are arguably the most exciting.

January's beautiful Ed Emsh cover depicted a new Brak story, "The Girl in the Gem," best known of the series. The editorial also included a thoughtful letter on the nature of Brak's

"barbarity" by reader Carrington Dixon, with the conclusion that Brak was really a civilized adventurer.

February's intriguing Heidi Coquette cover illustrated the lead novelet "A Fortnight of Miracles" by Randall Garrett, a comic fantasy mystery about a bodiless Empty Knight, a story I have felt has been unduly neglected and revived it in my 1981 anthology *Jewels of Wonder*.

Of greater significance in the February issue, though a less enjoyable story, was "Passage of Dilfar," the first of Zelazny's Dilvish the Damned stories. It hinted at much that would follow.

Two further Brak stories "The Pillars of Chambalor" (Mar) and "The Silk of Shaitan" (Apr) followed, the latter issue carrying the more individualistic story "The Purpose of Merlin" by British writer Colin R. Fry, probably the strangest tale yet written with the Arthurian canon. The final Ziff-Davis issue (June 65) led with the second Dilvish the Damned story "Thelinde's Song" which pointed the way to the first significant Dilvish adventure "The Bells of Shoredar" which remained in inventory until the new publisher, Sol Cohen, included it in the March 66 issue. The last issue also contained Piers Anthony "Phog" which he would later spoof in his Xanth novel *The Source of Magic*.

By today's standards with so many fantasy novels by way of comparison, *Fantastic* contained little that stands out, beyond the pieces by LeGuin, Leiber and Zelazny, that is heroic fantasy. At the time, these were jewels in an otherwise darkened crown. One can entertain several trains of thought. Had *Fantastic* not existed would as many Fafhrd/Mouser stories have appeared? Who else would have bought the early stories of LeGuin, Anthony, Zelazny and others? Other magazines were not necessarily receptive to off-trail stories. I think Cele helped create a readership, albeit small at first, that were sufficiently intrigued by the stories to seek out others; thus, expanding by word of mouth, a market evolved ready to devour the adventures of Frodo and Conan as they became available. In more than a small way *Fantastic* helped power the modern fantasy field as we see it today. And behind *Fantastic* there was one person, called "gifted and inspirational by Leiber" and "kindly and outrageous" by LeGuin: the unforgiveably neglected Cele Goldsmith.

--*Mike Ashley, Walderslade, U.K.*

The Moon King's Question

I opened my eyes and looked around; it was midnight and a Cheesehound with green eyes was staring at me from across the window sill. In a rasping voice he said, "I, the Chief of the Cheesehounds, have come to take you to his majesty, who wishes to ask you an important question."

The Cheesehound gave a queer little whistle, and the moonbeam shot straight down to the window sill. Mounted on the Cheesehound's back, I started up the moonbeam trail, going faster and faster. Suddenly there was a jolt, and when I came to my senses, we were in the great dipper, which kept tipping from side to side in a fearsome way. Then a shining ladder made up of small moonbeams appeared, and the Hound mounted, with me clinging to his back with terror. The moonbeam trail was before us again leading to the milky way straight to the moon.

"So this is the moon! and it's really made of cheese!"

The Cheesehound people of the moon nibbled cheese from morning till night as well they might, for there was a perfect paradise of beautiful green and white and yellow cheese. Large holes and small holes — soft cheese and hard cheese! Sometimes a little group of moon fairies would slide softly past and I noticed that their gowns were the same lovely color as the yellow, yellow cheese.

Suddenly a moonbeam fairy touched me lightly and said, "Follow." In a moment we were in the presence of an extremely fat man. His round friendly face wore a most familiar broad grin. His head was crowned with a tipsy looking coronet. All about him in countless numbers were his subjects dancing in perfect rhythm. Suddenly he ceased smiling. All was quiet. The dancing stopped.

"Tell me, little girl, do you think Jupiter's belt would fit me?"

Just then I opened my eyes and found the moon shining in my face.

— *Elizabeth Terrell, 1925*

Harakiri

I wish I could analyse an old-time, racial passion, the cult of honourable suicide. It is the outcome of pride, as we understand pride; the last surviving fort of honour. The act of suicide implies something more than death to us; in truth, it outpaces death, and is a method of survival opposed to death. Our *harakiri* has its root in a fervid love of life, impelling us; it might be named the aesthetics of the moral law. Sometimes we desire that an event in which we are involved deeply shall end beautifully. A wilful martyrdom, an over-righteous pride, an immoderate self-love, strength of character, noble sacrifice: in such impulse lies the essence of *harakiri*. Drieu la Rochelle may say: "Better rip open the heart than the belly!" A smart remark. But have I not shown that *harakiri* is a proud rite and a sacred rite?

Kesagozen, a woman of antiquity, lay down in the place of her husband, so that the man who loved her and yearned for her widowhood might kill her in the blackness of night, and at a signal from herself. Thus would the honour of the marriage-bed be saved, the murderer converted, and the tale of the deed immortalized in plays and prints.

To-morrow it may be two lovers, who bind themselves together with a scarf and leap from a cliff, impassioned in an ideal of love. Yesterday it was Arishima, a man of letters, who killed himself and the woman he loved, because they were alike married, and had sinned. Then there was a young and famous actress, Sumako, who hanged herself on the anniversary of a dramatist's death; for he had left his own family in her name, and had written the plays for her triumph. The intellectuals sing her praises in the newspapers. 'Tis not the cowards who kill themselves in our country.

There was a suicide of a police-officer. During the earthquake, he gave orders to a crowd, sent them to encampments; where forty thousand creatures, hemmed in together, perished by fire, burnt like torches. That police-officer made expiation.

My grandfather, as a protest against the politicians, thrust his dead body in the way of their measures.

Sixty years ago, all men of good lineage knew how to sever a head in such a fashion that a thread of skin remained fast to the trunk and the head drooped, honourably suspended. Such was the highest service of a friend, who had attained the necessary skill by long practice, slicing bamboo-stems with his sword. I remember my father used to tell of a youth of sixteen who was taking lessons in French. His school-fellows sentenced him to *harakiri*

because he had stolen a watch; and the execution took place. Indeed, my father himself, in his youth, had the right of life and death over the common people, if he found them gambling in cards, a forbidden practice.

Even to-day a woman receives a dagger when she marries.

Formerly, a nobleman condemned to *harakiri* had the right of being his own executioner. In an earlier, a barbarous age, all men might rip their own bellies or cut their own throats. Our classic theater has familiarised us with all possible forms of *harakiri*, and it has its own written history.

A prescribed setting is necessary for *harakiri* in its most refined form: white raiment, matting reversed and draped with white, and a decoration of funeral bouquets. None of the company present may interfere with the final act, and the dagger is presented on a dish to the condemned man. He stabs himself, and at that exact moment his dearest friend strikes with a glittering sword. Or he may sketch the outline of the Samurai ideograph on his breast — that lodgement of his soul; and this act is the signal for decapitation.

We had a written code for *harakiri*, even as you had your code for duelling in the past, that Western rule of honour. And if *harakiri* is disappearing to-day, together with the more uncompromising traits in our character, assuredly it is because we are no longer officially instructed in the code of *bushido*. Modern science has never been able to provide a substitute for old-time moral courage.

-- *Kikou Yamata, France, 1927 (trans. J. & S. F. Mills Whitham)*

Since there is no escape

Since there is no escape, since at the end
  My body will be utterly destroyed,
This hand I love as I have loved a friend,
  This body I tended, wept with and enjoyed;
Since there is no escape even for me
  Who love life with a love too sharp to bear:
The scent of orchards in the rain, the sea
  And hours alone too still and sure for prayer —
Since darkness waits for me, then all the more
Let me go down as waves sweep to the shore
  In pride; and let me sing with my last breath;
In these few hours of light I lift my head;
Life is my lover — I shall leave the dead
  If there is any way to baffle death.

-Sara Teasdale
(c) 1928

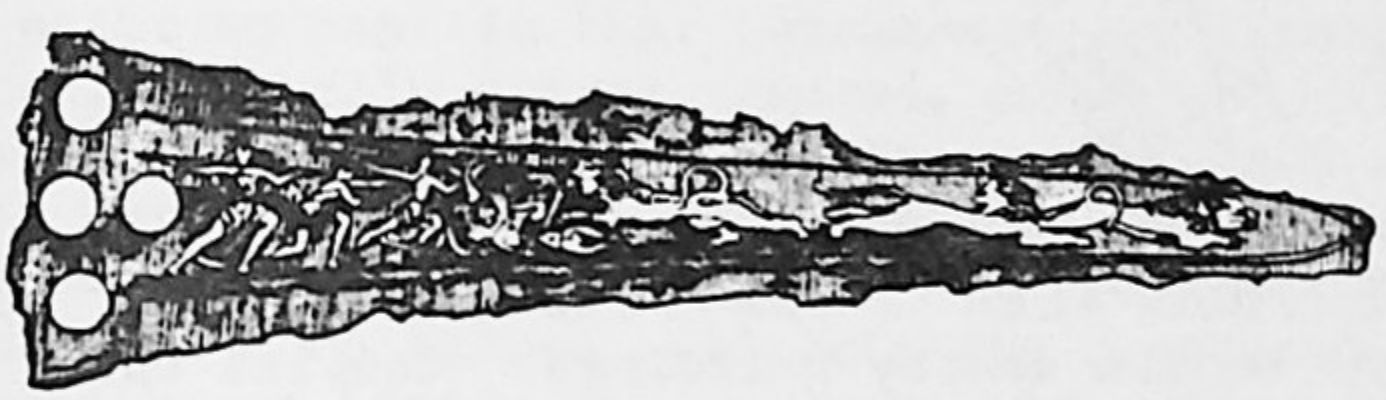
Mother Nokes

A servant of Thomas Spycer of Lamberd End, yeoman, chancing to snatch a pair of gloves out of the pocket of Mother Nokes' daughter (aged 28), and refusing to give them up, the witch said to her daughter, "Let him alone. I will bounce him well enough." At that time he was suddenly bereft of the use of his limbs, and not withstanding that he returned the gloves, lay bedridden for eight days.

Having been reproved at church, Mother Nokes, in a fume, answered that, "I care for none of that, so long as Tom holds at my side," meaning her Fiend.

The only indictment preferred against Mother Nokes charged her with bewitching to death Elizabeth Barfoot. Putting herself upon the country, she was found guilty, and hanged in April of 1579.

— *Extract from a contemporary tract reprinted in 1838 by J. R. Smith of London*



Marsh Lilies

Yellow lilies, low, and rank and cool
Thronging the meadows in the early Spring
Lying along the borders of each grass-grown pool,
Notes from an uncouth wood-pipe or a broken string.
Each, full smooth bulbous stem a fresh damp green,
The cupped leaves each pale, pure flower glows through
Do so vainly hide that glory of the sheen,
Endowed with radiance fairer than the gold sun knew.
But now the thick lush leaves thus parted wide
Reveal in truth the evil and the good,
An imperfection far too cruel to hide,
As whispering of its marsh-bound feet it would
Now mock the graceful shape of loveliest gold
And change the beauty into aspect foul and old.

— *Mary Arrington, 1925*

The Tribute

After I cut my wrist, I smeared the blood on the walls in what people later said were the most ingenious patterns. Photographers took pictures and reporters wrote stories about these patterns. Famous art critics well versed in such matters gave weighty and flattering pronouncements. Nuns came and genuflected. Little children saw visions. A member of the politburo assured the people that such patterns were most revolutionary. And one day a group of men came from the city to christen the room in the mayor's name, and they put a brass plaque on the door and gave a speech.

After they closed the door behind them, I got up from where I had been lying on the floor. I wiped the blood from my wrist and sat on the window sill. There were a thousand people in the street below, and when they saw me they joyously put their knives to their wrists in tribute.

-- *Thomas Wiloch, Westland, Michigan*

Once Long Ago

Every evening they lit the giant candle in the town square so that it burned with a low rumble and cast its flickering yellow light on the nearby buildings. Couples spent their evenings strolling round the candle arm in arm, and smart aleck kids tried to scale its sides but couldn't. Old people sat on the wooden benches and marveled at the dancing flames high above their heads. Men spoke of the candle's dimensions, the ratio of wax loss to flame height, and the inverse proportion of heat to brightness. Later, everyone went home and the candle burned in an empty square. Empty save for the town policeman making his lonely rounds. The old cop pauses for a moment, tilts back his cap, and admires the candle. "The old girl is dependable," he grins.

But that was years ago. The cop is long dead, the smart aleck kids are all grown and moved away, and the giant candle is gone. Just yesterday an old fellow brought it up. "Yeah, the old candle," another guy said. "Remember the day young Joey Harrison fell into the flame?"

-- *Thomas Wiloch*

The Hatchment

"What a strange noise that is," I thought as I listened to the rattling the yew tree branches were making in the breeze. "It soumds like dead men's bones — very suited for a graveyard, without a doubt."

This poetic if slightly morbid idea came to me one fine, gusty April morning while I sat in the porch outside St. Thomas's church, Little Wendens, near Thaxted in northwest Essex. I was waiting for the rector to join me. We had been about to leave the rectory together when the phone rang and Reverend Swift motioned me to go on ahead of him to the church. Five minutes later, as I was enjoying the peacefulness of the attractive country village, he hurried up with the key for the solid south door of the fourteenth century building. Once inside we went immediately to the three fumeral hatchments in the north aisle. I'd been called in to restore them, and the arrangement was that I should take them back to my house in Oundle for the purpose; so the heavy boards, all approximately forty inches square, had been removed from the wall in readiness.

I ought to explain that hatchments are diamond-shaped wooden panels, usually canvas covered, on which coats of arms are painted. They used to be made on the death of the possessor of the arms, then hung outside his or her home during the period of mourning. Later they would be rehung in the local church. The custom continued well into the twentieth century, but the examples at Little Wendens were older than this.

On my first visit to the village a few weeks previously, I had made a careful note of the heraldry on each of the hatchments and, after referring to *Papworth* and to *Burke*, I was able, with no little difficulty, to name the bearers of the depicted arms. My identifications agreed with those recorded in the church guide, so I was fairly certain of their accuracy. The three paintings belonged to a former Lord of the Manor and members of his family:

Sir Frederick Bidwell, Bart, lived in Wendens Manor (a building which burned down some years ago) until his death in 1821. On his shield, the Badge of Ulster featured prominently, symbolising his baronetcy; and there was a black and white background, instead of plain black, indicating that his wife had outlived him. The lady in question, Charlotte, eventually died in 1840; and her achievement was in slightly better condition than her husband's. The third lozenge bore the arms of Sir Frederick's younger brother, the Reverend Augustus Bidwell, who passed away in 1823. The Bidwells had obviously followed the

custom, common amongst landowning families, of placing their younger son in holy orders: Augustus was the rector of nearby Applestone parish for much of his adult life, until he retired from the incumbency in 1821 to write a theological treatise of stupendous mediocrity.

As Father Swift and I manhandled the boards into my hired van, I mentioned how ironic I thought it was that information was so relatively easy to find about the people for whom hatchments were made, yet the painters themselves were frustratingly anonymous. They rarely signed their works, and churchwardens' accounts usually threw no light on their identity.

"Interesting you should say that," nodded the rector, puffing slightly as he pushed the last canvas into place in the back of the van. "I understand that the painter of these particular achievements *is* known."

As we walked back to the pretty pargetted rectory for tea and biscuits before I left for home, he continued: "The village tradition is that old Lady Bidwell painted them. It's said she even made the one for herself, a year or two before she died. She was eighty then, you know, but still a proficient amateur artist. I have a little landscape by her in my sitting room; you might like to see it before you go."

Village traditions in general have to be taken with a very large pinch of salt; but this one was so reasonable that I felt disposed to believe it. When I examined the Reverend Swift's landscape painting, I was convinced. In the pleasant country scene, with the wooden belfrey of Little Wendens church in the distance, I instinctively recognized the same hand as that responsible for the hatchments.

The drive home — past the delightful, carved plasterwork fronts of the typical northwest Essex cottages — was a joy, at least to begin with, although I decided none of the houses were as striking as Wenden's Rectory itself, with its relief moldings of sheep, foxes and deer in splendid profusion. I dawdled over the first few miles of the journey. Then the van broke down on the A604 between Cambridge and Huntingdon, near Lolworth Turn; and by the time I reached Oundle it was getting late. Unloading the coats of arms and carrying them into my workshop took over an hour, even though the building — a converted garage — is easily accessible. I missed the extra pair of hands which Reverend Swift had provided during the loading. When the unpacking was complete, I was ready for just one thing: a long sleep. Some nine hours later, I awoke duly refreshed and looking forward to the work awaiting me.

A thorough inspection revealed that the hatchment in worst con-

dition was the one belonging to Augustus Bidwell. The canvas needed to be removed from the wooden framework then be relined. I resolved to make that my first job, as the rest of the restoration would be easy by comparison. Progress was slow as I attempted to take out the heavy nails without damaging the fragile canvas. After two hours I had completed only one side.

Following a break for coffee I returned to work, noticing as I did so that the temperature in my workshop had dropped markedly. This did not particularly worry me at the time, as it often happened when the wind's direction changed and started blowing through the old warped window.

I was on the point of sitting down when I saw some dirty grey cobwebs hanging over the edge of the painting near the top. They must have blown there in the draft, I thought. But, as I reached to brush them off, they suddenly moved. I realized they were not cobwebs but hair! Long strands of lank hair were attached to the head of the figure which was now rising up from behind the hatchment.

In a split second I took in the sickly brown face which seemed to have *collapsed in* upon itself, so that the features were hidden beneath loose, dusty wrinkles. Briefly I wondered how I knew that the creature's eyes were piercing and filled with hatred, although I could not actually see them.

Then I was up and making a dash for the door, aware that the figure was also moving, trying to cut me off.

I reached the door and rushed out, pulling it shut behind me, thankful that I'd had a good lock fitted. In the echo of the slam I heard a heavy sigh which somehow seemed to combine frustration with relief. I listened for several more minutes, not sure what to expect, but with a growing realization that whatever the thing was, a good lock would not be an effective barrier against it. However, there was no further sound and I began to calm down.

For most of the rest of the day I prowled up and down the house. If I smoked, I would have got through countless cigarettes. Thinking it over, I came to no conclusions as to the identity of the creature. It was female, of that I was sure, though without any real evidence apart from instinct. What connection it had with the Reverend Augustus's memorial I could not fathom. One thing was certain: there was no way I was going to re-enter the workshop on my own.

Finally I decided to drive over to my friend Sally's house in Polebrook, about two miles away. Sally is a very experienced art restorer and a thoroughly down-to-earth individual. If any-

one could keep the unpleasant being away, then she was the one to do it. I worked out a credible story about needing her professional help and she agreed to come back with me. By now it was late afternoon. I think she was a little offended and surprised that I didn't offer her coffee before we went along to the workshop; but even with her company I could not face entering it after dusk.

"What exactly is the problem?" Sally asked as we reached the entrance.

"The hatchment canvas is rotting and I'm having trouble getting it off the frame," I replied, manoeuvring her carefully in front of me as I pushed open the door. Looking over her shoulder, I saw that the room appeared to be empty; but, as I followed her in, I felt that the temperature had, if anything, dropped by a few more degrees.

"Let's get down to work then. This is the painting, is it?"

"That's right." I nodded, reluctant to approach it. However, when I had reassured myself that no nightmare figure was lurking anywhere, I joined my friend in prising out the nails.

"You were right to call me in," she muttered. "A job like this needs someone with experience. Why, you're hardly out of art school."

Normally I would have argued light-heartedly with this decidedly inaccurate statement (Sally, at thirty-three, was only five years older than me) but on that day I did not feel up to it. All the time I sensed something trying to prevent us from removing the canvas, but whatever it was, it could achieve nothing against my friend's powerful personality. If several dozen little green men had manifested themselves in front of her, I don't believe she would have paused for more than a quick glance.

After an hour or so, we had, between us, removed almost all the nails. As the last one came out, Sally began to ease the hatchment away from its frame.

"That's funny. There are some old sheets of paper tucked behind here, between the frame and the backing board," she said. "Pull them out, will you?" Then she looked up suddenly. "I say, you have an extraordinarily noisy cat somewhere closeby. It'll be up to no good, I'm sure."

This remark was prompted by an ear-splitting but heartbreakingly poignant wailing which had begun as soon as I'd started to pick out the sheets. It sent shivers up my spine, but my companion was unmoved. After a minute or two it faded away into a whisper-

ing sob which shortly disappeared altogether.

We laid the painting out carefully and went for a coffee, after which I drove Sally home, then returned as quickly as I could to examine the find. My initial glance had suggested to me that the fewer who knew about the papers, the better it would be, so I was relieved that my friend had assumed they were of no importance.

More detailed examination supported my first impression. The sheets were love letters, six in all: three from the Reverend Augustus Bidwell to his sister-in-law, the Lady Charlotte; and three from Charlotte to her priestly brother-in-law. They were all overwhelmingly passionate. I could well imagine the anguish which the couple suffered, caught up in an illicit love affair, ever fearful of discovery. Internal evidence indicated that the affair had lasted for some ten years, from 1789 to 1799. In other words, it began when Charlotte was twenty-nine and her lover slightly younger.

One of the missives, dated December 1799, apparently marked the end of the intimate aspects of the relationship. Lady Bidwell, now middle-aged, vowed eternal devotion although their secret meetings could not continue without her husband finding out. If the couple's mutual feelings continued unabated — and the likelihood is that they did — then the ensuing years must have been difficult to live through. When Sir Frederick died more than twenty years later, there was still no chance of a fairy tale ending to their story. Augustus was forbidden to marry the widow by the Church's Degrees of Marriage, which state that a man may not marry his brother's wife; therefore they would probably have been forced to maintain a facade of mere friendship. Perhaps the pair enjoyed a measure of happiness in each other's company; but even that was swiftly curtailed by the priest's death, which followed all too soon after his brother's decease.

Charlotte was left to a lonely old age. The only way she could think of to record her everlasting adoration was to preserve some of the letters which she and Augustus had exchanged. The peculiar hiding place she chose was her lover's hatchment; a memorial which she herself painted as she mourned his passing.

Her poor restless spirit, still paying for those years of harmless sin, was evidently afraid that if I found out her guilty secret, I might destroy the record of her tragic love affair. She need not have worried. I replaced the letters when refitting the newly lined canvas, and told no one of the discovery. At one stage I considered confiding in the Reverend Swift, but decided against such a course. His modern, rational brand of Christianity would probably have taken no account of ghosts.

I do sometimes wonder whether I did the right thing. If I had severed Charlotte Bidwell's one remaining attachment to the physical world, by burning the papers, she might now be resting more easily. I suppose I can console myself with the thought that I did what she would have wanted me to do. I don't think that can be wrong, can it?

-- *Mary Ann Allen, England*

At Madame Tarot's

Being a lady of diverse preoccupations, primarily preternatural, Madame Tarot turns her head from the street and tells me anything is possible. We pass the pipe from hand to hand. The rain rallies against the window, blurring hillsides and trees. Inhalation. Exhalation. Ashes and tea. "Darjeeling or jasmine?" she asks, pouring from a single pot. Perhaps I have lived here once too often, watching the decks shift in the yellow lamplight.

Down the stairs shambles her pet and familiar. Today its shaggy mass of fur is the pale rust of old blood stains. It shakes itself and curls up on the mat before the fire. Not for the first time I wonder what species and sex this creature could be, but I'll not be the one to investigate. It outweighs me by at least twenty pounds. I have seen the razor teeth glistening in its chameleon coat.

Madame Tarot rises and moves about the room, drawing shades against the rain, switching on a lamp to counter the dimness. Her ringed hands light the pomegranate incense, unfold the velvet cloth. At moments like this I am sure she is The Hierophant, Reversed.

Inhalation. Exhalation. Ashes and tea.

Her pet stretches and scratches and gives me a hungry look. Its coat darkens.

I raise the cup to my lips very carefully.

-- *Bruce Boston, Berkeley*

The Wolf

The bleating of sheep, one huddled and torn,
The yapping of dogs, in the grey of morn
Wakens the rancher from restful sleep.
He leaps to his feet, rushes out in alarm —
Dark night, quiet, nothing is heard
But the eerie call of a strange night bird.
Far on the hilltop, against the sky,
A dark, grey shape passes swiftly by.
It seems a part of tree and hill.
One long, lone cry, then all is still.

-- *Audrey Wurdeman 1925*

The Patriotic Harlot

A harlot of Huating was famous for her sword-dance. Being called to the palace of General Chien-tsu to entertain him, the harlot made an unexpected petition. "Although I am a harlot, I have become more and more perturbed by war. A lot of spies prowl the pleasure district in order to listen, and I have had too much. Therefore I would like to join your army in order to help obtain swift victory against invaders. Bring seven captives to perform the sword-dance with me, and I will show you my skill." General Chien-tsu thought that she was making a jest against him in order to criticize his failure to keep enemy soldiers out of the city at night. Therefore he sent for seven captives, armed them nicely, and promised them freedom if they could disarm, maim, or kill the harlot. By the time her dance was finished, she had killed her seven partners, and General Chien-tsu made her captain of his armies.

She led his armies to swift victory and when peace was reinstated around Huating, General Chien-tsu called for her again. He said she had redeemed herself from the sin of her former profession and he would have her for his bride. She replied, "I would become your wife if it were possible, but it is not. The reason war perturbed me was because I was slain by a soldier who thought it cheaper than paying for my service. Now that I have brought order to the land and made it safe for Huating harlots, I must leave." Having said this, the patriotic harlot vanished before the eyes of General Chien-tsu.

-- *Jessica Amanda Salmonson*

Closeness

The phone rang.
There are skyscrapers all around my apartment. It was night. Many of the windows were lighted.
About a mile or two away, a tiny figure stood in one of the windows, waving. I picked up the phone.
"Hello," I said.
"Can ya see me?"
"Yes, I can see you quite clearly."
"Wave back."
I waved back. The tiny silhouette waved once more.
"Come close to the window and wave another time."
I did. The distant figure waved also.
"That's nice."
"I see you very clearly."
A little smog had begun rising. I couldn't quite make out the action.
"Do you see me wave now?"
"Almost. Not quite."
"Aw, it's the fog that's coming in now."
"Yes but I saw you quite clearly the first time."
"Yea. That's good. Makes me feel a lot less lonely. Doesn't it you?"
"Yeah it really does. Can you see me now?"
"I think so. Not quite. Too much fog."
"Well, tomorrow night then. One more quick one?"
I waved, and thought I saw an answering wave but was not quite sure.
"Well, goodnite. Call ya the same time tomorrow night?"
"I'll be waiting. Don't forget now."
"I won't. Goodnite."
"Goodnite, now. Take care."
We hung up and went to bed.

-- *Jody Scott, Seattle*

Anima Two

Splendid in
the sun,
this hero
faces me
Armoured like
Britomart.
This is a
mirror.

Each separate
hair shines
metallic —
It is darker
than I
thought,
And coarse and
heavy.

This animal
faces me,
gleaming.
I cannot stare
it down,
Its eyes defeat
me.

This stranger
woman faces
me,
Forbids sound,
forbids si-
lence.
Her teeth stop
my breath.

K. L. Cobbe, Ontario —

New Mythi for Horror Tales

Someday even such great mythical worlds as those of Lovecraft, Poe, Clark Ashton Smith and Robert W. Chambers must begin to wear thin. Against that day, we might keep in mind other mythi, relatively unmined by practitioners of the horror story, to replace or revitalize them. For instance:

THE CHAMBERS MYTHOS AS CROSS-POLLINATED BY THE W. S. GILBERT MYTHOS AND THE GELETT BURGESS MYTHOS

Reginald Bunthorne, the Fleshly Poet, speaks:
"Ah, yes, I wrote *The King in Yellow.*
I am a highly seasoned fellow.
My verse drives everyone insane,
Except the printer, it is plain.

THE JANE AUSTEN MYTHOS

"Good heavens, Mr. Darcy," cried Elinor, "do you mean that old Mr. Woodhouse, Emma's father who is always so solicitous for his health, has good reason, being peculiarly sensitive to certain unwholesome miasmas arising from the cellars of Northanger Abbey?"

THE EDWARD LEAR MYTHOS

The Dong with the Luminous Nose,
A gellid and gibbous goon,
Scissored the Pussycat's purling throat,
And scuttled the Owl in the pea-green boat
With the aid of a runcible spoon.

— *Phyllis Ann Karr, Rice Lake, Wisconsin*

Pet Show

Old, brittle, a shadow of its former self,
The house sleeps upon the hill
Like a tired yellow skull. Dead,
And yet alive, for every night
The shadows come from out the woodwork
And gather in the parlors, to compare
The shrivelled, grinning Sins
Perched upon their shoulders.

— *Mark McLaughlin, Charlotte, Indiana (c) 1981*

The Man With The Pumpkin Head

Once there was a man and on his shoulders he had, instead of a head, a hollow pumpkin. This was no great help to him. Yet he still wanted to be Number One. That's the sort of person he was. For a tongue he had an oak leaf hanging from his mouth, and his teeth were cut out with a knife. Instead of eyes, he had just two round holes. Back of the holes, two candle stumps flickered. Those were his eyes. They didn't help him see far. And yet he said his eyes were better than anyone's, the braggart. On his pumpkin head he wore a tall hat; used to take it off when anyone spoke to him, he was so polite. Once this man went for a walk. But the wind blew so hard that his eyes went out. He wanted to light them up again, but he had no matches. He started to cry with his candle ends, because he couldn't find his way home. So now he sat there, held his pumpkin head between his hands, and wanted to die. But dying didn't come to him so easily. First there had to come a June bug, which ate the oak leaf from his mouth; there had to come a bird, which pecked a hole in his pumpkin skull; there had to come a child, who took away the two candle stumps. Then he could die. The bug is still eating the leaf, the bird is pecking still, and the child is playing with the candle stumps.

— *Robert Walser, Germany, 1913, translation (c) 1982 by Christopher Middleton, SELECTED STORIES, permitted by Farrar, Straus, Giroux (New York)*

Morning Encounter

It was autumn in Puy-de-Dôme, and late evening when we arrived in the spa town of Le Mont-Dore. It wasn't exactly a lively place after dark; all we could find was a single café with a couple pintables and a jukebox. So we went to bed early; just as well, since we were booked out on an early train to Merlines next morning. I was up first, as it happened, and went for a stroll round the town before breakfast. Le Mont-Dore is situated in a deep valley between high hills, and a thick fog had collected. The visibility was virtually nil, but as I got into the central square the mist lifted for a moment. There in front of me was a giant building of decidedly cthulhoid appearance, towering slabs of granite rising up and up to eventually disappear from sight in the fog. As I stood there gazing at this structure, a clock struck eight, and to my amazement shambling figures muffled up in shapeless white robes, their heads covered by tall hoods pierced only by eye-holes, began to appear from all directions and shuffle into the building through the great doors

at its base. Horrors! For a moment I was not in Le Mont-Dore but somewhere else, R'lyeh perhaps, and these were the misshapen spawn of Cthulhu, come to worship their master.

Eventually reason asserted itself and the moment passed. Over breakfast I learned that the building was the main baths of the spa. The hooded *things* were the patients, well wrapped in towelling against the October fog, and eight o'clock, of course, was when the baths opened for business. We caught our train to Merlines and I've not returned. I do wonder, sometimes . . . is Le Mont-Dore *just* a spa, or are the Great Old Ones truly worshipped there, on cold and clammy mornings in the autumn?

— *Darroll Pardoe; musing from Pig on the Wall #29, 1983*

In a Dark House

The ivy has got into the house
And is taking the views away.
Every morning when my eyes open
The bedroom is a little darker.

The bathroom scares me. I turn giddy
And my razor becomes dangerous;
I shave in the dum subaqueous light
Where everything tilts and wavers.

Deeper and deeper into greenness
I sink downstairs like a diver.

In the kitchen, hairy and thick,
The vines have stopped the time
And sealed the windows.
They should be torn away, like hands.

But somehow, I let it happen.
It has been happening ever since you died.
Outside, the sum must be shining.
He will come round to me
In his own good time,
Reaching down among the ruins,
Bringing back the morning
As the night caves in.

— *Eric Barker (c) 1972, from Kayak 28, by permission of George Hitchcock*

The Girl Who Loves a Tree

Sixteen is not many years to a tree
And I am sixteen, a mere sprig
He says. Yet he has bent before me;
His fingers each slim as a twig,
Have touched and held my waist.
And we have danced in the wind.
On my mouth is the taste
Of his, as sweet-tart as apple-kind.

I would be his budling, his mate, his wife,
I would be rooted in his life.

Sings Astoreth

Hungry my heart, my white heart hungry,
Though fed my love, and nightly feed,
Yet calls my heart for fresher blossoms
Than the soft petal of your night reed.

Hungry my heart, my white heart hungry,
Altar of victims nightly slain,
Bathed in the midnight moonlight bleeding
Of your young love's unquiet rain.

Softly while your heart lies dying,
Hungry still, my heart is crying.

Dryad's Lament

I feel most alive just before the dark
when I can touch the underside of leaf,
the back of graven names,
(a knife's valentine, now unremembered grief);
or feel along the bellyside of bark
some insect's green attempt at art.
I am trapped here by the sun
within my leafy prison, my fortress glade.
Only at night can I depart,
a shadow among shadows,
a shade amidst shade,
less alive than my own tree
though human-seeming and seeming-free.

— *three by Jane Yolen, Massachusetts*

And The Contributors Are...

DARROLL PARDOE is an Englander with a gently bent mind. *ERIC BARKER* was an English-born poet, friend to Henry Miller, & long-time Big Sur resident, who died ten years ago. *KIKOU YAMATA* was the granddaughter of a samurai. She wrote for Parisians in the 1920s. *SARA TEASDALE* published poetry in major magazines of the 1920s and published several volumes of lyrical verse. *THOMAS WILOCH* is a poet, collage artist, and editor of the macabre surrealist magazine "Grimoire." *SAROJINI NAIDU*, popular in England about the start of the century, dreamed of becoming "the" poet of her people. Association with Imperialism caused her to fall into obscurity. *SHERRI L. FILE* is a blue-collar worker and student. Her prose-poem first appeared in "Naginata 8". *MIKE ASHLEY* is an internationally respected fantasy bibliographer and author of "Who's Who in Horror." *ELIZABETH TERRELL, MARY ARRINGTON,* and *AUDREY WURDEMAN* are forgotten writers from the 1920s. *MARY ANN ALLEN* is the nom de plume of a famous M. R. James scholar. *BRUCE BOSTON* is an author and poet making waves in modern horror. *JODY SCOTT* is author of "I, Vampire" [Berkley], "Passing for Human" [DAW], and has been translated in numerous languages. *KAREN L. COBBE* is a Canadian feminist poet. *PHYLLIS ANN KARR* is the author of numerous novels including "Frostflower and Thorn" [Berkley] and "Idylls of the Queen" [Ace]. *JANE YOLEN* has won too many awards for one author even though she deserves them for such books as "The Girl Who Cried Flowers". *ROBERT WALSER* was a major influence on Kafka. He spent the majority of his life in an asylum. *MARK McLAUGHLIN*'s poem first appeared in Michael Ambrose's "Argonaut," reprinted with the poet's permission. *POLAND* is a beleaguered nation.

The inside front cover is by *HARRY O. MORRIS, Jr.*, who edits "Nyctalops" the Lovecraftian and surrealist magazine. *JUDHE FULKERSON*, who has moved with no forwarding address, designed the front cover. Back cover is by neo-decadent genius *ROMAN SCOTT*. Hand written titles are by *WENDY WEES*, illustrator for "The Tomoe Gozen Saga" novels from Ace. She also proofread this magazine.

"In a world of meaningless fact and meaningless violence, people shrink from admitting they still harbor entities of the imagination."
—Robert Aikman, 1967

"It's no place, my place, but I can assure you it's just right for my business."
—Francisco de Quevedo, The Swindler, 1608

"When I speak with you, I die a thousand shameful deaths."
—Madame de La Fayette The Princess of Cleves, 1677

"Finally I came to regard as sacred the disorder of my mind."
—Arthur Rimbaud, circa 1870

"What is a ruin but Time easing itself of endurance."
—Djuna Barnes, Nightwood, 1937

BOMAN MDCCCCLXXXIII